



THE
T R I A L
OF
SELIM *the* PERSIAN.



[Price One Shilling.]

122

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE
TRIAL
OF

SEELIM the PERSIAN.

BY

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

11630. C. B.

23

TRIAL

OF

SELIM *the* PERSIAN,

K. w/ h. Lord Lyttleton

FOR DIVERS

High Crimes *and* Misdemeanours.

By W. Moore.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster Row*.

M DCC XLVIII.

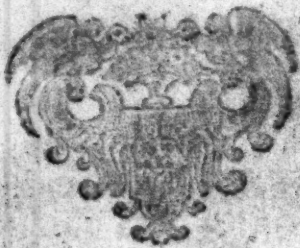
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Little Bear Leiligh

OF
THE
PERSIAN

FOR DIVERS

High Crimes and Misdemeanours.



Printed for M. Cooper, at the Office in Peterborough Row.

M DCC XLVIII

TRIAL

SELIM *the* PERSIAN.

THE Court was met; the Pris'ner brought;
The Council with Instructions fraught;
And Evidence prepar'd at large,
On Oath, to vindicate the Charge.

BUT first 'tis meet, where Form denies
Poetic Helps of fancy'd Lies,
Gay Metaphors, and Figures fine,
And Similies to deck the Line;

2 The TRIAL of

'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call Description to our Aid. T

BEGIN we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the Three CHIEFS in Judgment sitting.
Above the rest, and in the Chair,
Sat FACTION with dissembled Air;

Her Tongue was skill'd in specious Lies,
And Murmurs, whence Dissentions rise;

A smiling Mask her Features veil'd,
Her Form the Patriot's Robe conceal'd;

With study'd Blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated Croud.

The next in Place, and on the Right,

Sat ENVY, hideous to the Sight;

Her snaky Locks, her hollow Eyes,

And haggard Form forbid Disguise;

Pale Discontent, and fullen Hate

Upon her wrinkled Forehead sat;

SERLIM the PERSIAN.

3

Her Left-hand, clench'd, her Cheek sustain'd,
Her Right (with many a Murder stain'd)
A Dagger clutch'd, in Aet to strike,
With Starts of Rage, and Aim oblique.
Last on the Left was CLAMOUR seen,
Of Stature vast, and horrid Mein;
With bloated Cheeks, and frantic Eyes
She sent her Yellings to the Skies;
Prepar'd with Trumpet in her Hand,
To blow Sedition o'er the Land.
With these, Four more of lesser Fame,
And humbler Rank, attendant came;
HYPOCRISY with smiling Grace,
And IMPUDENCE with brazen Face,
CONTENTION bold, with Iron Dungs,
And SLANDER with her hundred Tongues.

THE Walls in sculptur'd Tale were rich,
And Statues proud (in many a Niche)

of

Of Chiefs, who fought in Faction's Cause,
 And perish'd for Contempt of Laws.
 The Roof in vary'd Light and Shade,
 The Seat of ANARCHY display'd.
 Triumphant o'er a falling Throne
 (By emblematic Figures known)
 CONFUSION rag'd, and Lust obscene,
 And RIOT with distemper'd Mein,
 And OUTRAGE bold, and MISCHIEF dire,
 And DEVASTATION clad in Fire.
 Prone on the Ground, a martial Maid
 Expiring lay, and groan'd for Aid;
 Her Shield with many a Stab was pierc'd,
 Her Laurels torn, her Spear revers'd;
 And near her, crouch'd amidst the Spoils,
 A Lion panted in the Toils.

WITH Look compos'd the Prisoner stood,
 And modest Pride. By Turns he view'd

SELIM the PERSIAN.

5

The Court, the Council, and the Croud,

And with submissive Rev'rence bow'd.

PROCEED we now, in humbler Strains,

And lighter Rhymes, with what Remains.

TH' Indictment grievously set forth,

That SELIM, lost to Truth and Worth,

(In Company with one WILL PONT

And many more, not taken yet)

In FORTY-FIVE, the Royal Palace

Did enter, and to Shame grown callous,

Did then and there his Faith forsake,

And did accept, receive, and take,

With mischievous Intent and base,

Value unknown, a certain Place.

HE was a Second Time indicted,

For that, by evil Zeal excited,

The TRIAL of

With Learning more than Layman's Share,
 (Which Parsons want, and He might spare)
 In Letter to one GILBERT WEST,
 He, the said SELIM, did attest,
 Maintain, support, and make Assertion
 Of certain Points, from PAUL's Conversion;
 By Means whereof the said Apostle
 Did many an Unbeliever jostle,
 Starting unfashionable Fancies,
 And building Truths on known Romances.

A THIRD Charge ran, that knowing well
 Wits only eat, as Pamphlets sell,
 He, the said SELIM, notwithstanding
 Did fall to answ'ring, shaming, branding
 Three curious Letters to the Whigs;
 Making no Reader care three Figs
 For any Facts contain'd therein;
 By which uncharitable Sin,

SELIM the PERSIAN.

7

An Author, modest and deserving,
Was destin'd to Contempt and Starving;
Against the King, his Crown and Peace,
And all the Statutes in that Case.

THE Pleader rose with Brief full charg'd,
And on the Pris'ners Crimes enlarg'd —
But not to damp the Muse's Fire
With Rhet'ric, such as Courts require,
We'll try to keep the Reader warm,
And sift the Matter from the Form.

Virtue and social Love, he said,
And Honour from the Land were fled;
That PATRIOTS now, like other Folks,
Were made the Butt of vulgar Jokes;
While OPPOSITION dropp'd her Crest,
And courted Pow'r for Wealth and Rest.
Why some Folks laugh'd, and some Folks rail'd,
Why some submitted, some assail'd,

Angry

Angry or pleas'd ---- all solv'd the Doubt
 With who were in, and who were out
 The Sons of CLAMOUR grew so sickly,
 They look'd for Dissolution quickly;
 Their *Weekly Journals*, finely written,
 Were sunk in Privies all best join;
 Old-England, and the *London Evening*
 Hardly a Soul was found believing in,
 And *Caleb*, once so bold and strong,
 Was stupid now, and always wrong
 And list the Matter from the Form.

Ask ye whence rose this foul Disgrace?
 Why SELIM has receiv'd a Place,
 And thereby brought the Cause to Shame;
 Proving that People, void of Blame,
 Might serve their Country and their King,
 By making both the self same Thing,
 By which the Credulous believ'd,
 And others (by strange Arts deceiv'd),

SELIM the PERSIAN.

69

That *Ministers* were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.

THAT bart'ring thus in State Affairs,
He next must deal in sacred Wares,
The Clergy's Rights divine invade,
And smuggle in the Gospel-Trade.
And all this Zeal to re-instate
Exploded Notions, out of Date;
Sending old Rakes to Church in Shoals,
Like Children, sniv'ling for their Souls,
And Ladies gay, from Smut and Libels,
To learn Beliefs, and read their Bibles;
Erecting Conscience for a Tutor,
To damn the Present by the Future.
As if to Evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human Life we know
Is Care, and Bitterness, and Woe,

The TRIAL of

With short Transitions of Delight,
 To set the shatter'd Spirits right,
 Then why such mighty Pains and Care,
 To make us humbler than we are?
 Forbidding short-liv'd Mirth and Laughter
 By Fears of what may come hereafter?
 Better in Ignorance to dwell;
 None fear, but who believe an Hell;
 And if there should be one, no Doubt
 Men of themselves would find it out.

BUT SELIM'S Crimes, he said, went further,
 And barely stopp'd on this Side Murther;
 One yet remain'd to close the Charge,
 To which (with Leave) he'd speak at large.
 And first 'twas needful to premise,
 That tho' so long (for Reasons wile)
 The Press inviolate had stood,
 Productive of the public Good

Yet still, too modest to abuse,
 It rail'd at Vice, but told not whose.
 That great Improvements, of late Days
 Were made, to many an Author's Praise,
 Who, not so scrupulously nice,
 Proclaim'd the Person with the Vice,
 Or gave, where Vices might be wanted,
 The Name, and took the rest for granted.
 Upon this Plan, a *Champion* * rose,
 Unrighteous Greatness to oppose,
 Proving the Man *inventus non est*,
 Who trades in Pow'r, and still is honest;
 And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
 Flogging a certain Junto soundly.
 But chief his Anger was directed,
 Where People least of all suspected;
 And SELIM, not so strong as tall,
 Beneath his Grasp appear'd to fall.
 But INNOCENCE (as People say)
 Stood by, and sav'd him in the Fray.

By

By Her assisted, and one **TRUTH**,
 A busy, prating, forward **Youth**,
 He rally'd all his Strength anew,
 And at the Foe a *Letter* threw,
 His weakest Part the Weapon found,
 And brought him *senseless* to the Ground.
 Hence **OPPOSITION** fled the Field,
 And **IGN'RANCE** with her sev'n-fold Shield;
 And well they might, for (Things weigh'd fully)
 The Pris'ner, with his *Whore* and *Bully*,
 Must prove for ev'ry Foe too hard,
 Who never fought with such a Guard.

BUT TRUTH and **INNOCENCE**, he said,
 Would stand him Here in little **Stead**,
 For they had Evidence on **Oath**,
 That would appear too hard for both.

OF Witnesses a fearful **Train**
 Came next, th' **Indictments** to sustain;

DETRACTION,

DETRACTION, HATRED, and DISTRUST,
 And PARTY, of all Foes the worst,
 MALICE, REVENGE, and UNBELIEF,
 And DISAPPOINTMENT, worn with Grief,
 DISHONOUR foul, unaw'd by Shame,
 And ev'ry Fiend that Vice can name.
 All these in ample Form depos'd
 Each Fact the triple Charge disclos'd,
 With Taunts and Gibes of bitter Sort,
 And asking Vengeance from the Court.

THE Pris'ner said in his Defence,
 That he indeed had small Pretence
 To soften Facts so deeply sworn,
 But would for his Offences mourn;
 Yet more he hop'd than bare Repentance
 Might still be urg'd to ward the Sentence.
 That he had held a Place some Years,
 He own'd with Penitence and Tears,

But took it not from Motives base,
 Th' Indictment there mistook the Case;
 And tho' he had betray'd his Trust,
 In being to his Country just,
 Neglecting FACTION and her Friends,
 He did it not for wicked Ends,
 But that Complaints and Feuds might cease,
 And jarring Parties mix in Peace.

THAT what he wrote to GILBERT WEST
 Bore hard against him, he confess'd;
 Yet there they wrong'd him; for the Fact is,
 He reason'd for *Belief*, not *Practice*;
 And People might *believe*, he thought,
 Tho' *Practice* might be deem'd a Fault.
 He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
 That it gave Breeding no Offence,
 And was no Foe to Wit and Sense;

But whether this was Truth, or Whim,
He would not say ; the Doubt with him
(And no great Harm he hop'd) was how
Th' enlighten'd World would take it now ;
If they admitted it, 'twas well,
If not, he never talk'd of Hell,
Nor even hop'd to change Men's Measures,
Or frighten Ladies from their Pleasures.

ONE Accufation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest ;
Three *Patriot-Letters*, high in Fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to Shame.
And tho' it was a Rule in Vogue,
If one Man call'd another Rogue,
The Party injur'd might reply,
And on his Foe retort the Lie ;
Yet what accru'd from all his Labour,
But foul Dishonour to his Neighbour ?

And

And he's a most unchristian Elf,
 Who others damns to save himself.
 Besides, as all Men knew, he said,
 Those *Letters* only rail'd for Bread;
 And Hunger was a known Excuse
 For Prostitution and Abuse;
 A Guinea, properly apply'd,
 Had made the *Writer* change his Side;
 He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
 And own'd, he should have bought, not starv'd him.

THE Court, he said, knew all the rest,
 And must proceed as They thought best;
 Only he hop'd such Resignation
 Would plead some little Mitigation;
 And if his Character was clear
 From other Faults (and Friends were near,
 Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
 He did in humblest Form request it,

To be from Punishment exempt,
And only suffer their Contempt.

THE Pris'ner's Friends their Claim preferr'd,
In Turn demanding to be heard.

INTEGRITY and HONOUR swore,
BENEVOLENCE, and Twenty more,
That he was always of Their Party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.

RELIGION, sober Dame, attended,
And, as she could, his Cause befriended ;
She said, 'twas since he came from College

She knew him, introduc'd by KNOWLEDGE ;
The Man was modest and sincere,
Nor farther could She interfere.

The MUSES begg'd to interpose,
But ENVY with loud Hissings rose,
And call'd them Women of ill Fame,
Liars, and Prostitutes to Shame ;

And said, to all the World 'twas known,

SELIM had Had them ev'ry one.

The Pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
 When Silence was proclaim'd around,
 And FACTION, rising with the rest,
 In Form the Pris'ner thus address'd.

YOU, SELIM, thrice have been indicted,
 First, that by wicked Pride excited,
 And bent your Country to disgrace,
 You have receiv'd, and held a PLACE.
 Next, INFIDELITY to wound,
 You've dar'd, with Arguments profound,
 To drive FREETHINKING to a Stand,
 And with RELIGION vex the Land.
 And lastly, in Contempt of Right,
 With horrid and unnat'ral Spite,
 You have an AUTHOR'S Fame o'erthrown,
 Thereby to build and fence your own.

THESE Crimes successive, on your Trial,
 Have met with Proofs beyond Denial;

To which Yourself, with Shame, conceded,
 And but in Mitigation pleaded.
 Yet that the Justice of the Court
 May suffer not in Men's Report,
 Judgment a Moment I suspend,
 To reason as from Friend to Friend.

AND first, that You, of all Mankind,
 With KINGS and COURTS should stain your Mind!!
 You! who were OPPOSITION's Lord!
 Her Nerves, her Sinews, and her Sword!
 That You at last, for servile Ends,
 Should wound the Bowels of her Friends!——
 Is Aggravation of Offence,
 That leaves for Mercy no Pretence.
 Yet more —— For You to urge your Hate,
 And back the Church, to aid the State!
 For You to publish such a Letter!
 You! who have known RELIGION better!
 For You, I say, to introduce
 The Fraud again! —— There's no Excuse.

And

50 *The* TRIAL of, &c.

And last of all, to crown your Shame,
Was it for You to load with Blame
The Writings of a *Patriot-Youth*,
And summon INNOCENCE and TRUTH
To prop your Cause?-----Was this for You?
But Justice does your Crimes pursue;
And Sentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by Me, the Court ordains.

“ THAT you return from whence you came,
“ There to be stript of all your Fame
“ By *vulgar Hands*; That once a Week
“ *Old-England* pinch you till you squeak;
“ That ribbald *Pamphlets* do pursue you,
“ And *Lies* and *Murmurs*, to undo you,
“ With ev’ry Foe that WORTH procures,
“ And only VIRTUE’s Friends be Yours.”

FINIS